

EDGE OF JUSTICE

WRONG DOERS NEVER ESCAPE THE

# BADGE of

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COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

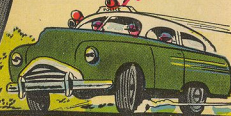
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# JUSTICE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢







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Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY

**YOU Can do ALL I did!**

I gained **25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

**Hi Pal!**  
**Win \$100**  
as I just did!



"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every-body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"



You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.



COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon YOU'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Lukus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds. INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle



## LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

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Tell Me How To Win \$100, etc.

"Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-around HE-MEN!" - E. J. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING 220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses: 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm, 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4 How to Build a Mighty Back, 5 How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume! How to become a Mighty HE-MAN! ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

**SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!!**

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE

• AFFORD \$1 PRICE GOES BACK Millions Sold for \$1

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles," says John Sill.

GET ALL 5 FREE

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Eddie Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS By GEORGE F. JOWETT

AMAZING SECRETS HOW TO WIN POWER TO WIN MUSCLES LIKE IRON NERVE TO GRIP WEIGHT TO GAIN EXPERT TONE YOU CAN BECOME AN ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN IN 10 MINUTES A DAY

PHOTO BOOK

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show you HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

YOU CAN WIN a BIG 15" SILVER CUP as I just did! with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN

**AFTER**

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

**BEFORE**

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb. Skeleton He says, I gained 70 lbs. of mighty muscle



Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

BADGE OF JUSTICE

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Printed in the U.S.A.

# REEF BLACKSTONE

## in THE WHITE RUBY

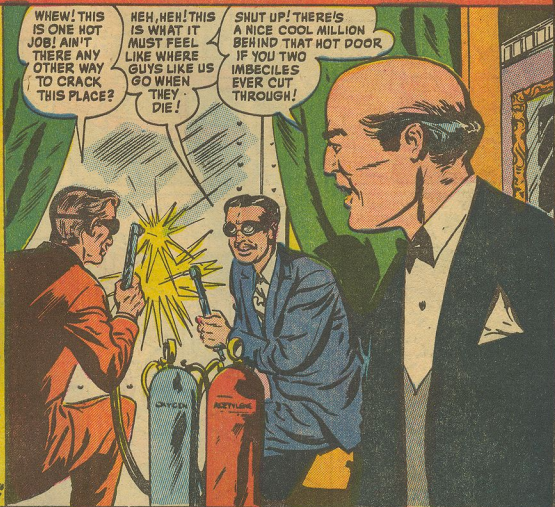
NO THIEF HAD EVER DARED PENETRATE THE VAULT-LIKE SOMERSET HOME! BEHIND ITS FORBIDDING BARRED WINDOWS AND DOORS LAY A KING'S RANSOM IN JEWELS AND ANTIQUES AND... THE MOST FABULOUS ITEM OF ALL... A PRICELESS WHITE RUBY... THE ONLY GEM OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD! THERE IT LAY, AWAITING ONE WHO HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO GAMBLE HIS LIFE FOR POSSESSION OF IT, FOR TO PLUCK IT FROM ITS HIDING PLACE MEANT INSTANT DEATH! BUT REEF BLACKSTONE WAS NO ORDINARY THIEF! A BRAINY JEWEL SPECIALIST, HE PLAYED ONLY FOR THE HIGHEST STAKES! BUT EVEN HE DID NOT ATTEMPT THE SOMERSET ROBBERY UNTIL HE WAS SURE HE COULD OUTWIT

"THE WHITE RUBY"

WHEW! THIS IS ONE HOT JOB! AIN'T THERE ANY OTHER WAY TO CRACK THIS PLACE?

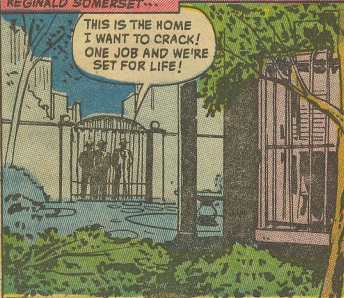
HEH, HEH! THIS IS WHAT IT MUST FEEL LIKE WHERE GUYS LIKE US GO WHEN THEY DIE!

SHUT UP! THERE'S A NICE COOL MILLION BEHIND THAT HOT DOOR IF YOU TWO IMBECILES EVER CUT THROUGH!



ONE EVENING IN APRIL 1943, REEF BLACKSTONE AND TWO OF HIS HENCHMEN, LOAFER AND SLICK, TOOK A STROLL PAST THE FORTRESS-LIKE NEW YORK CITY RESIDENCE OF THE MILLIONAIRE JEWEL AND ANTIQUE COLLECTOR, REGINALD SOMERSET...

THIS IS THE HOME I WANT TO CRACK! ONE JOB AND WE'RE SET FOR LIFE!



YEAH, I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, BOSS, BUT I THINK IT'S TOO RICH FOR OUR BLOOD!

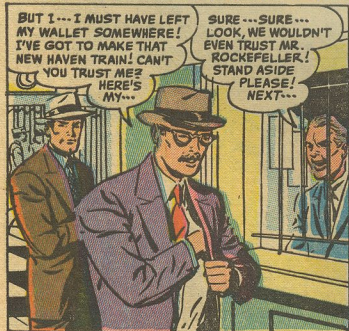
IT'S A FORTRESS! WE'LL NEED A WHOLE ARMY!

IT CALLS FOR AN INSIDE JOB! THE PLACE HAS TO BE CAVED THOROUGHLY, AND I MEAN TO DO IT!





# BADGE OF JUSTICE





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THANKS AGAIN! I DON'T KNOW HOW I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TO NEW HAVEN FOR MY APPOINTMENT!

THINK NOTHING OF IT! I KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO MISS A LAST MINUTE TRAIN!



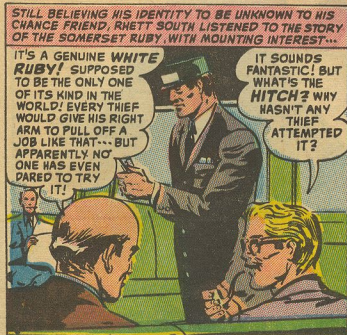
I SEE YOU'RE A MYSTERY FAN BY WHAT YOU'RE READING! SO AM I!

YES! IT'S MY ONLY RELAXATION! THIS RHETT SOUTH IS MY FAVORITE! A GENIUS! THEY SAY THAT ALL HIS CASES ARE BASED ON TRUE SITUATIONS!



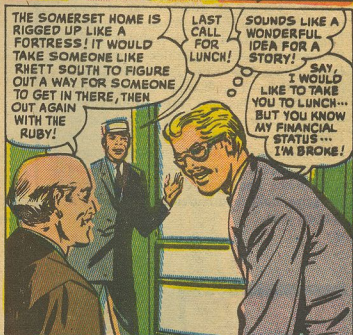
HMM, SO I'VE HEARD! BUT WHAT DO YOU LIKE ESPECIALLY ABOUT HIS WRITING?

IT'S SO CLEAR! PARTICULARLY THE WAY HE HANDLES DETAIL! YOU CAN FOLLOW A PLOT EVERY STEP OF THE WAY FROM BOTH THE CRIMINALS AND VICTIM'S POINT OF VIEW! COME TO THINK OF IT, I WISH I KNEW HIM! THERE'S ONE STORY I'D REALLY LIKE TO SEE HIM TACKLE!



IT'S A GENUINE WHITE RUBY! SUPPOSED TO BE THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD! EVERY THIEF WOULD GIVE HIS RIGHT ARM TO PULL OFF A JOB LIKE THAT... BUT APPARENTLY NO ONE HAS EVEN DARED TO TRY IT!

IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC! BUT WHAT'S THE HITCH? WHY HASN'T ANY THIEF ATTEMPTED IT?



THE SOMERSET HOME IS RIGGED UP LIKE A FORTRESS! IT WOULD TAKE SOMEONE LIKE RHETT SOUTH TO FIGURE OUT A WAY FOR SOMEONE TO GET IN THERE, THEN OUT AGAIN WITH THE RUBY!

LAST CALL FOR LUNCH!

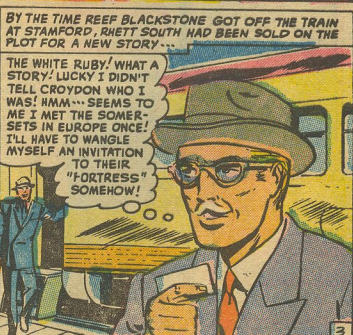
SOUNDS LIKE A WONDERFUL IDEA FOR A STORY!

SAY, I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO LUNCH... BUT YOU KNOW MY FINANCIAL STATUS... I'M BROKE!



HA, HA, HA! OF COURSE! I FORGOT! WE'LL PUT IT ALL ON THE SAME BILL! HERE'S MY CARD! JOHN CROYDON'S THE NAME... I'M IN SHIPPING!

MY NAME'S SWIFT! NOW TELL ME MORE ABOUT THIS WHITE RUBY!



BY THE TIME REEF BLACKSTONE GOT OFF THE TRAIN AT STAMFORD, RHETT SOUTH HAD BEEN SOLD ON THE PLOT FOR A NEW STORY...

THE WHITE RUBY! WHAT A STORY! LUCKY I DIDN'T TELL CROYDON WHO I WAS! HMM... SEEMS TO ME I MET THE SOMERSETS IN EUROPE ONCE! I'LL HAVE TO WANGLE MYSELF AN INVITATION TO THEIR "FORTRESS" SOMEHOW!



# You, Too, Can Be Tough!

## GREATEST SELF-DEFENSE OFFER EVER MADE!

### LIGHTNING JU-JITSU

Master Ju-Jitsu and you'll be able to overcome any attack—win any fight! This is what this book promises you! *Lightning Ju-Jitsu* will equip you with a powerful defense and counter-attack against any bully, attacker or enemy. It is equally effective and easy to use by any woman or man, boy or girl—and you don't need big muscles or weight to apply. Technique and the know-how does the trick. This book gives you all the secrets, grips, blows, pressures, jabs, tactics, etc. which are so deadly effective in quickly "putting an attacker out of business." Such as: Hitting Where It Hurts—Edge of the Hand Blow—Knuckle Jab—Shoulder Pinch—Teeth Rattler—Boxing the Ears—Elbow Jab—Knee Jab—Coat Grip—Bouncer Grip—Thumbscrew—Strangle Hold—Hip Throw—Shoulder Throw—Chin Throw—Knee Throw—*Breaking* a Wristlock, or Body Grip, or Strangle Hold—*Overcoming* a Hold-up, or Gun Attack, or Knife Attack, or Club Assault, etc. etc.—Just follow the illustrations and easy directions, practice the grips, holds and movements—and you'll fear no man.



# FREE

### How to Perform STRONG MAN STUNTS

With every order we will send you **ABSOLUTELY FREE** this exciting book! It shows you the *secret* way in which YOU will be able to: tear a telephone book in half—hammer a nail into a board with your bare fist—rip a full deck of cards into two parts—crush and shatter a rock with a blow of your hand—and many other stupendous strong man stunts! All this will be easy for you using the confidential, hidden way shown in this amazing book! Don't miss this amazing combined offer—on our **FIVE DAY TRIAL**! If not delighted with your results, your money back at once.

B-J, Dept. 101

17 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please send **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, plus **FREE** copy of **HOW TO PERFORM STRONG MAN STUNTS**. If not satisfied I may return both books in 5 days and get my money back.

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**\$1.00**

HOW TO  
PERFORM  
STRONG  
MAN  
STUNTS



included  
**FREE!**

## FREE 5 DAY TRIAL



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

ONLY A WEEK LATER, RHETT SOUTH WAS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF HIS NEWEST STORY...

RHETT SOUTH! THE SOMERSETS ARE EXPECTING ME!

HMM! I FORGOT! THE BUTLER'S A **DEAF-MUTE!** THAT'S AN INTERESTING ANGLE!

WELCOME, MR. SOUTH! IT'S AN HONOR TO HAVE YOU WITH US TONIGHT!

COME...OUR OTHER GUESTS ARE VERY ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU!

WELL, IT'S CERTAINLY A PLEASURE TO BE HERE! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT YOUR PRICELESS COLLECTIONS!

AND YOU MUST SHOW US YOUR FAMOUS **STRONG ROOM!** IT'S ALMOST A LEGEND BY NOW!

OH, YES, I'M DYING TO SEE IT!

HA! HA! GLAD TO! IT'S **NEVER BEEN ROBBED,** YOU KNOW! COMPLETELY **BURGLAR-PROOF!**

SORRY I CAN'T REVEAL THE SECRET OF THIS DOOR! BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, IT'S MADE OF **FOUR-INCH STEEL!**

AND ALL YOUR WINDOWS ARE **DOUBLE-BARRED!**

AND THESE ARE THE **SEPOY OPALS!** WE HAD A HARD TIME GETTING THE RAJAH OF **MANDORE** TO PART WITH THEM!

I CAN IMAGINE! THEY MUST BE PRICELESS! BUT I DON'T SEE THE MOST FABULOUS ITEM OF ALL... THE **WHITE RUBY!**

ER...I'M SORRY, BUT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN TO BE HERE AT PRESENT!

THE **SCALFAINE CHEST!** THE **MAN-TRAP** I SAW IN **YVREME CASTLE** IN FRANCE...I'LL BET THAT'S WHERE THE **RUBY** IS!

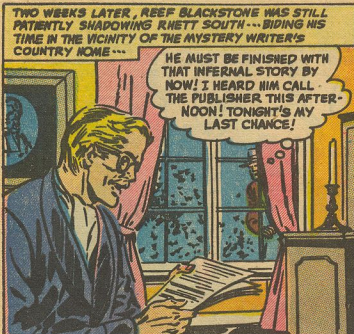
NOW THESE 14TH CENTURY **DRAPERIES** ARE UNIQUE!

An HOUR LATER... YOU DON'T MIND IF I USE YOUR HOUSE IN A STORY I'M WRITING, DO YOU? OF COURSE I'LL CHANGE THE LOCATION AND ALL THE NAMES!

NOT AT ALL! HA! HA! HA! YOU'LL SEND US AN AUTO-GRAPHED COPY, I HOPE! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH WE ADMIRE YOUR WORK, SOUTH!

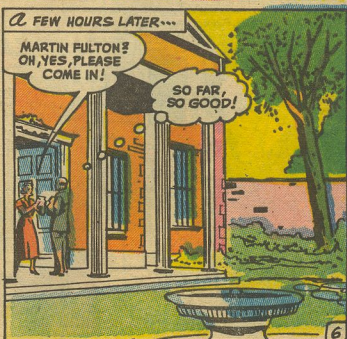
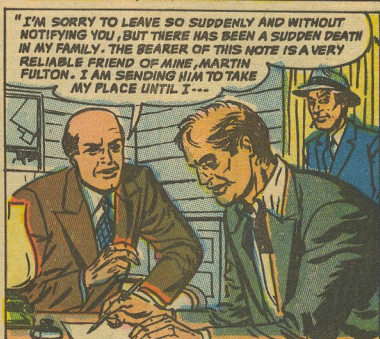


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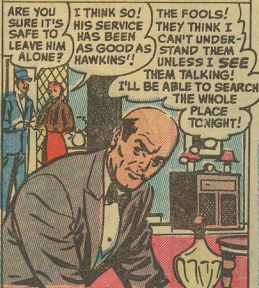




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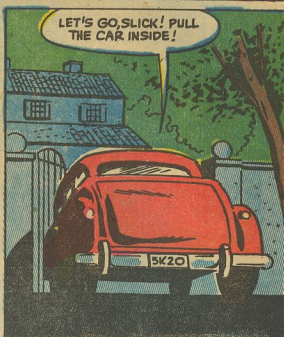


A FEW DAYS LATER AND REEF BLACKSTONE HAD SUCCESSFULLY TAKEN IN THE SOMERSETS WITH HIS DEAF-MUTE POSE...



WE WON'T BE HOME UNTIL LATE, FULTON! REMEMBER...NOBODY'S TO BE ALLOWED IN! THAT ELECTRIC BUZZER I SHOWED YOU OPENS THE FRONT GATE! AND REMEMBER, **YOU ARE NOT TO GO INTO THE EAST WING OF THE HOUSE!**

COME, WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE THEATRE



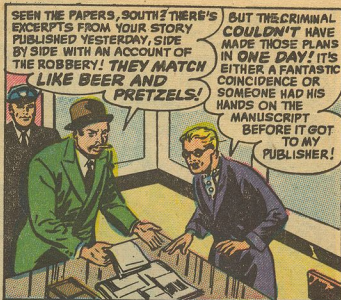


# BADGE OF JUSTICE





# BADGE OF JUSTICE





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

IT DID SOUND IMPLAUSIBLE, BUT THE POLICE WERE STUMPED AND THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE TO DO BUT GIVE SOUTH'S PLAN A TRY! THE RESULTS, HOWEVER, WERE NOT SO FAR-FETCHED! FOR ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER, IN A MID-TOWN HOTEL ROOM...

HEY, BOSS, HOW LONG WE GONNA HAVE TO STAY COOPED UP IN THIS ROOM?

MAYBE NOT SO LONG AS I THOUGHT, LOAFER! LISTEN TO THIS!

"RHETT SOUTH, FAMOUS MYSTERY WRITER, RECENTLY IDENTIFIED WITH THE UNSOLVED SOMERSET WHITE RUBY ROBBERY, IS COMPLETING A NEW **STOLEN GEM** STORY, BASED AS IS HIS CUSTOM, ON A **TRUE SITUATION**!" I THINK I'D BETTER LOOK INTO THIS!

MEANWHILE, IN THE DEN OF HIS COUNTRY HOME, RHETT SOUTH SAT UP NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, POUNDING AWAY AT HIS LATEST MANUSCRIPT...

NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET THE ENDING TO TURN OUT THE WAY I WANT IT...

SOUTH DID NOT HAVE TO WAIT LONG FOR HIS ANSWER...

IT WORKED! NOW I'LL PUT THE MANUSCRIPT PAGES IN ORDER AND PRETEND TO RETIRE!

NOW TO SEE WHAT MY GOOD FRIEND SOUTH HAS LINED UP FOR ME THIS TIME!

NOT WHAT YOU EXPECTED, MISTER! GET YOUR HANDS UP!

YES, THAT'S THE MAN, ALL RIGHT!

IT'S MARTIN FULTON! THE BUTLER WHO VANISHED AFTER THE ROBBERY!

I KNOW THIS BIRD! HE'S REEF BLACKSTONE, A BIG-TIME JEWEL THEIF! WE'VE BEEN AFTER HIM FOR A LONG TIME!

REEF BLACKSTONE, EH? WELL, THAT FINISHES THE SEQUEL TO MY WHITE RUBY STORY!

I GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU, MR. SOUTH! I USED TO LAUGH AT YOUR FICTION DETECTIVES, BUT NOW I'M NOT SO SURE! THINK I'LL CONSULT YOU ANY TIME I GET STUCK IN THE FUTURE!

YOU SEE, MR. BLACKSTONE, THERE JUST ISN'T ANY **PERFECT CRIME**! THIS MANUSCRIPT YOU WERE SO INTERESTED IN IS THE STORY OF YOUR OWN DOWNFALL! ALL I NEEDED WAS YOUR NAME TO FINISH IT!



# CHIC ANSON

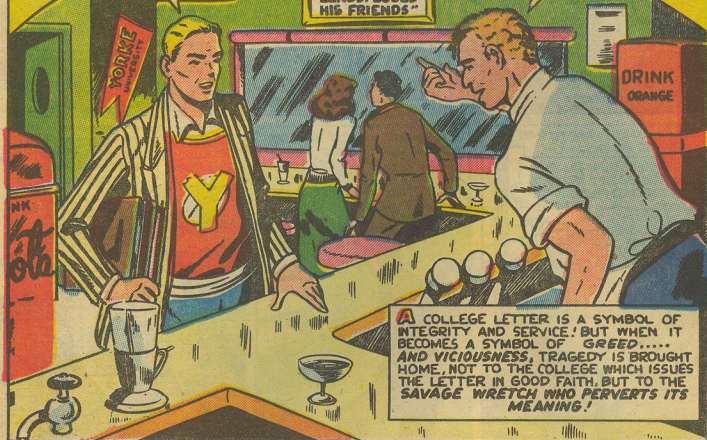
IN

## "THE CROOKED LETTER!"

CHIC, LEND ME TEN BUCKS! I WANT TO SEND MY DAD A BIRTHDAY GIFT AND I BLEW MY MONTH'S ALLOWANCE ON TEXTBOOKS!

"A MAN WHO LENDS, LOSES HIS FRIENDS"

OKAY, BEN... IF YOU'LL LET ME WEAR YOUR SWEATER!



A COLLEGE LETTER IS A SYMBOL OF INTEGRITY AND SERVICE. BUT WHEN IT BECOMES A SYMBOL OF GREED..... AND VICIOUSNESS, TRAGEDY IS BROUGHT HOME, NOT TO THE COLLEGE WHICH ISSUES THE LETTER IN GOOD FAITH, BUT TO THE SAVAGE WRETCH WHO PERVERTS ITS MEANING!

DON'T DO IT, FELLER! WHERE DOES A DUMB SODA-JERK GET OFF WEARIN' A FOOTBALL HERO'S LETTER?

THAT'S JUST IT, BEN! I'VE BEEN LIKE A CAT LOOKING AT A RING ALL MY LIFE! EVEN A DOG HAS HIS DAY! JUST ONE DAY BEN!

WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY... ALL RIGHT, CHIC... COME OUTSIDE, AND I'LL GIVE YOU THE SWEATER WHERE NO ONE CAN SEE US! BUT REMEMBER, I'LL BE BACK FRIDAY NIGHT TO PICK IT UP!

FRIDAY NIGHT? WHY, YOU WON'T BE HERE FRIDAY NIGHT!

NEITHER WILL THE SWEATER! THIS LETTER BUSINESS GOES BACK

YEARS, ALVIE! THERE WAS A DAME IN MY HOME TOWN—A PEACH OF A KID! SHE GREW UP NEXT DOOR! WHEN I FINISHED MY FIRST STRETCH IN THE HOOSEGOW, I WENT HOME...

I ASKED HER TO MARRY ME. TO COME TO THE BIG CITY! I'D GET HER ANYTHING... FURS... JEWELS...

I'M SORRY, CHIC... BUT WHILE YOU'VE BEEN AWAY, I FELL IN LOVE! WE'LL BE MARRIED IN JUNE!

WHO IS HE?





**MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!**

**YOURS** **FOR ONLY 1¢**

**THIS STUNNING ASSORTMENT OF 21 ALL-OCCASION GREETING CARDS! YOU WON'T BE ASKED TO RETURN IT!**

**Just to prove how easily a few spare hours CAN EARN YOU \$50 CASH!**

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed ALL-OCCASION CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making:

Fill out and mail the coupon below. We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of All-Occasion Cards as illustrated. Yes, **JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY** is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

**ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!**

This special offer is made to men, women, boys and girls for one reason: to let you see for yourself how easy it is to make lots of extra spending money with this wonderful selling plan. So our offer is strictly limited, and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry — this offer may not be repeated.

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**

**810 Way Street, Elmira, New York**

In Canada, write 103 Simcoe St., Toronto 1, Ontario



**HERE'S WHAT YOU GET FOR ONLY 1¢**

- 1 Birth Congratulations Card
- 7 Convalescent Cards
- 9 Birthday Cards
- 1 Belated Birthday Greetings
- 1 Friendship Card
- 1 Sympathy Card
- 1 Congratulations
- 21 Envelopes

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

**PASTE THIS COUPON ON POSTCARD MAIL TODAY!**

**ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.**  
**810 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.**

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF ALL-OCCASION Cards for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ Check here for Club or Group Fund-Raising Plan

**RAISE FUNDS FOR YOUR CLUB OR GROUP**

Ask for Special Plans to raise money for your club or group.





# BADGE OF JUSTICE





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EVERYBODY'S HERE, BOSS!

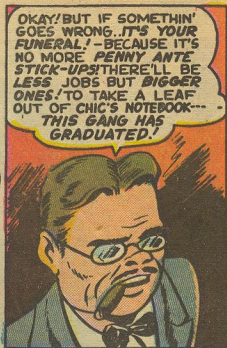
SO I SEE WHERE'D YOU GET THAT LETTER, CHIC?

WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE, SELLING BOOK WORMS! AIN'T IT SOMETHING? TREAT ME RIGHT, BENSON, AND I'LL LET YOU DINE WITH ME AT THE ALUMNI CLUB!



YOU'LL BE EATIN' YOUR LAST SUPPER IN THE DEATH HOUSE IF YOU'RE EVER SPOTTED WITH THAT LETTER! IT STANDS OUT LIKE A SORE THUMB!

NO MORE THAN YOUR THICK GLASSES, BOSS, OR FATSO'S SHAPE, OR JERSEY'S CAULIFLOWER EARS! BESIDES, IT'S A DECOY! THE POLICE WILL HUNT FOR A MAJOR LETTER MAN FROM YORKE-- ONLY TO WIND UP CHASING THEIR TAILS!



OKAY! BUT IF SOMETHIN' GOES WRONG... IT'S YOUR FUNERAL! -- BECAUSE IT'S NO MORE PENNY ANTE STICK-UPS! THERE'LL BE LESS JOBS BUT BIGGER ONES! TO TAKE A LEAF OUT OF CHIC'S NOTEBOOK-- THIS GANG HAS GRADUATED!



AND SO-- IN A FEW MONTHS-- A RUTHLESS NEW MOB APPEARED ON THE SCENE, SPREADING ITS LAWLESSNESS OVER A DOZEN STATES...



DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM, PETE?

NO! THEY ALL WORE MASKS! BUT ONE GUY-- A TALL, SKINNY ONE-- WORE A FOOTBALL LETTER ON HIS CHEST... A BIG "Y"!



FROM A HALF DOZEN STATES, THE SAME REPORTS CAME IN...

THE LOOKOUT HAD A "Y" ON HIS SWEATER...

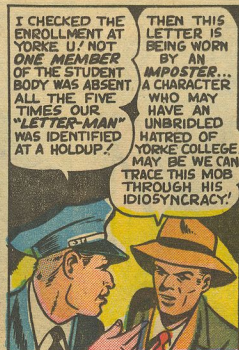
BEFORE I BLACKED OUT, I SAW THIS LETTER ON HIS SWEATER!

-- THE ONE WHO SHOT ME WORE A BIG "Y" ON HIS CHEST! ONE OF THOSE SPECIAL ONES-- WITH A FOOTBALL WOVEN INTO IT!



"Y" IS RIGHT! WHY IS THIS THUG WEARING A MAJOR "Y" ON HIS SWEATER? HE MUST KNOW SOMEBODY'S GOING TO SPOT IT!

THAT'S WHY I THINK IT'S A RED HERRING, CAPTAIN! A CROOK'S IDIOTIC SENSE OF HUMOR-- DRAGGING YORKE U.'S NAME THROUGH THE MIRE! HE COULD'VE CUT OUT AN ORDINARY "Y" FROM YELLOW FELT AND SEWN IT ON HIMSELF!



I CHECKED THE ENROLLMENT AT YORKE U. NOT ONE MEMBER OF THE STUDENT BODY WAS ABSENT ALL THE FIVE TIMES OUR "LETTER-MAN" WAS IDENTIFIED AT A HOLDUP!

THEN THIS LETTER IS BEING WORN BY AN IMPOSTER... A CHARACTER WHO MAY HAVE AN UNBRIDLED HATRED OF YORKE COLLEGE. MAY BE WE CAN TRACE THIS MOB THROUGH HIS IDIOSYNCRACY!



A FEW DAYS LATER, BENSON'S MOB PULLED A JOB NEAR THE WATERFRONT BUT THE GETAWAY WAS SOMETHING ELSE...

MAKE ME!

ALL RIGHT, PUNK, STOP!



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

THE TWO MEN WERE SOON GRAPPLING ON THE WAREHOUSE DOCK...

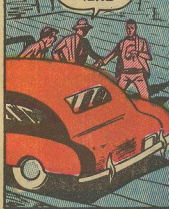


L-LET GO OF ME! LET GO!

WHAT HAPPENED?

THE WATCHMAN!  
HE--(GASP!)  
H-HE RIPPED MY LETTER OFF!

COME ON.  
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!



I WARNED YOU ABOUT THAT LETTER--BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN! WELL, THAT LETTER IS THE ONLY CLUE THIS MOB EVER LEFT BEHIND! BETTER GO BACK AND FIND IT TOMORROW--OR YOU MIGHT BE SORRY!

I'LL GET IT BACK-- DON'T WORRY!



MEANWHILE, NEAR THE WAREHOUSE...

A MAJOR "Y"! THAT BANDIT WAS A YORKE LETTER MAN! B-BUT SOMEONE WHO WON AN HONOR LIKE THIS CAN'T BE A CROOK! HE MUST BE ALL MIXED UP..OR MENTALLY SICK! I... I CAN ALWAYS TELL THE POLICE ABOUT HIM LATER! RIGHT NOW IT'D ONLY DISGRACE YORKE! AND IT'D RUIN ANY CHANCE OF THIS MAN EVER MENDING HIS WAYS!

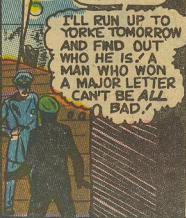


LATER, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVED...

HOW ABOUT YOU, POP? DID YOU SEE THE CROOKS?

NO, JOE. I-IT WAS TOO DARK--COULD NOT SEE A THING--NOT A THING!

I'LL RUN UP TO YORKE TOMORROW AND FIND OUT WHO HE IS. A MAN WHO WON A MAJOR LETTER CAN'T BE ALL BAD.



THE NEXT MORNING...

I'M LOOKING FOR A STOCKY, WHITE-HAIRED WATCHMAN... A SPRAINED ARM IN YESTERDAY'S HOLDUP, DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT IT? THE CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND!

POP SLADE? HE'S OFF TO DAY! HE GOT A SPRAINED ARM IN YESTERDAY'S HOLDUP, DIDN'T YOU READ ABOUT IT? THE CROOKS GOT AWAY WITH TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND!



DID THEY CATCH ANYBODY? ANY CLUES? A BUTTON, A RIPPED TIE? YOU KNOW--SOMETHING LEFT BEHIND?

NOT THAT I KNOW. QF/I'LL LOOK UP POP'S HOME ADDRESS! CHANCES ARE HE'S HOME, NURSING THAT SPRAINED ARM! AT HIS AGE, IT'S PRETTY PAINFUL!



NO! MR. SLADE'S NOT IN! HE WENT UPSTATE FOR THE DAY! HE'LL BE BACK TONIGHT! ARE YOU FROM THE POLICE?

WHY...UH...YES! JUST WANTED TO ASK MR. SLADE A FEW QUESTIONS! BUT IT CAN WAIT TILL TOMORROW!

I'VE GOT TO GET THAT LETTER BACK AND DESTROY IT! NO TELLING WHAT THAT STUPID WATCHMAN WILL DO WITH IT!





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

MEANWHILE, AT YORKE UNIVERSITY--

WELL, MR. SLADE, YOU'VE SEEN THE PICTURES OF EVERY RECIPIENT OF A COLLEGE ATHLETIC LETTER OVER THE PAST TEN YEARS! HAVE YOU FOUND THE STUDENT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

NO! IT'S POSSIBLE I'VE MADE A MISTAKE! WHICH BUILDING IS DORMITORY 9? I'D LIKE TO SEE MY SON WHILE I'M UP HERE!

TOO BAD YOU MISSED HIM, MR. SLADE! BUT HE LEFT YESTERDAY ON THE TEAM'S MIDWESTERN BASKETBALL TOUR! HE WON'T BE BACK FOR TWO WEEKS!

THAT'S RIGHT! I FORGOT. HE DID WRITE ME ABOUT IT IN THE LAST LETTER! WELL, I'LL LEAVE HIM A NOTE! COULD YOU WRITE IT FOR ME, BURT? I SORT OF SPRAINED MY HAND YESTERDAY-- IN AN ACCIDENT!

IT'S A WONDERFUL COLLEGE! --AND TO THINK MY SON IS AN HONOR STUDENT AND ITS ACE ATHLETE! HE'S GETTING EVERYTHING I DREAMED OF BUT COULDN'T HAVE MYSELF! THAT'S WHY I MUST SAVE THIS MISGUIDED HOODLUM! HIS CHARACTER MUST'VE BEEN GOOD ONCE... OR HE WOULDN'T HAVE RECEIVED THAT LETTER!

THAT NIGHT, AS POP SLADE APPROACHED HIS APARTMENT, A FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE SHADOWS...

RAISE 'EM, POP! AND KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! WHERE'S THAT LETTER YOU RIPPED OFF MY SWEATER LAST NIGHT?

T-THE BANDIT! I... I KNEW YOU'D COME BACK, BOY! IT WAS PRIDE IN THAT LETTER, WASN'T IT? PUT AWAY YOUR GUN AND COME INSIDE...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE! AND FORK OVER THAT LETTER! PRIDE IN THAT LETTER? NUTS! IT'S A SWORD OVER MY HEAD! I'M GOING TO BURN IT!

BURN IT? B-BUT YOU'D BE BURNING ALL IT SYMBOLIZES.

IT SYMBOLIZES A TWENTY YEAR STRETCH, THAT'S WHAT, IF THE COPS EVER TRACED IT! I DIDN'T EARN THAT LETTER, YOU CHUMP! I STOLE IT! NOW GIVE IT HERE-- OR--

YOU STOLE IT? YOU DIDN'T GO TO YORKE? YOU DIDN'T EARN IT PLAYING FOOTBALL? T-THEN Y-YOU'RE A CROOK! I... I WAS PROTECTING A COMMON THUG!

YOU'LL NEVER GET THIS LETTER BACK! I'M TAKING IT TO THE POLICE!

C-COME BACK! COME BACK, YOU FOOL! ALL RIGHT-- TAKE IT!

OH-H... (GASP!) I... I CAN'T LET HIM GET THAT LETTER BACK... H-HELP! POLICE!

CAN'T FOLLOW HIM NOW! A CROWD'S GATHERING... AND HERE COMES A COP! G-GOT TO BEAT IT... THE SUBWAY...



# BADGE OF JUSTICE



H-HE WANTED THIS LETTER BACK! H-HE'S A THUG-- HERE--TAKE IT-- G-GET W--

WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

INTO THE SUBWAY! THE DEVIL! HE SHOT THE OLD MAN IN THE BACK!

L-LOOKS THAT I-I GAVE THAT COP THE SLIP BUT I...I CAN'T GO BACK TO BENSON. HE'LL KILL ME FOR BLUNDERING! THAT LETTER IS THE ONLY LINK BETWEEN HIM AND THE STICKUPS! HE'LL WANT TO RUB ME OUT! WHAT'LL I DO? WHERE'LL I GO?



THE NEXT MORNING, AT A YORKE UNIVERSITY DORMITORY ROOM...

TOUGH BREAK, BEN! FUNNY THING YOUR FATHER COMING UP HERE ONLY YESTERDAY, LEAVING YOU THAT NOTE--

LISTEN! DAD ASKS ME TO LOOK AROUND FOR A GUY WITH A FOOTBALL LETTER... A GUY HE DESCRIBES TO A "T"! ISN'T THIS CHIC ANSON

WHO USED TO SODA-JERK AT THE YORKE SHOPPE? "TALL, THIN, BUSHY EYEBROWS, HAIR PREMATURELY WHITE, SHAPED LIKE A SCALPLOCK!"



THAT'S THE LETTER WE FOUND CLUTCHED IN YOUR FATHER'S HAND!

IT'S IRONIC! THE VERY LETTER I LOANED TO CHIC ANSON!

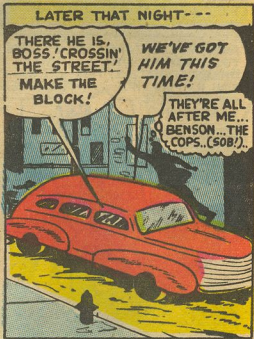
HE TRICKED YOU INTO LENDING IT TO HIM, SON.. WE'LL GET HIM, THOUGH!



FOR 24 HOURS, LIFE WAS A NIGHTMARE TO CHIC ANSON...

BEAT IT! YOU'RE POISON!

STAY HERE? THINK I'M CRAZY? YOU'RE A CINCINCH TO FRY! SCRAM!



LATER THAT NIGHT---

THERE HE IS, BOSS! CROSSIN' THE STREET! MAKE THE BLOCK!

WE'VE GOT HIM THIS TIME!

THEY'RE ALL AFTER ME... BENSON... THE COPS... (SOB!)



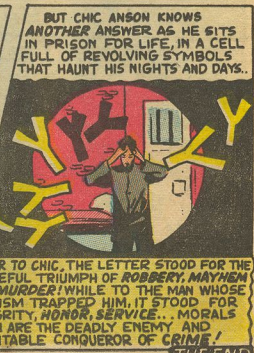
POLICE? THIS IS CHIC ANSON! FOR HEAVENS! SAKE, COME DOWN AND GET ME!

I'M GIVING MYSELF UP! BUT PLEASE HURRY!

!!



WELL, THE POLICE CAME! TODAY, BENSON'S GANG KNOWS ONE ANSWER AS THEY SERVE FIFTY YEARS TO LIFE! YES, CHIC TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE...



BUT CHIC ANSON KNOWS ANOTHER ANSWER AS HE SITS IN PRISON FOR LIFE, IN A CELL FULL OF REVOLVING SYMBOLS THAT HAUNT HIS NIGHTS AND DAYS..

FOR TO CHIC, THE LETTER STOOD FOR THE VENGEFUL TRIUMPH OF ROBBERY, MAYHEM AND MURDER! WHILE TO THE MAN WHOSE HEROISM TRAPPED HIM, IT STOOD FOR INTEGRITY, HONOR, SERVICE... MORALS WHICH ARE THE DEADLY ENEMY AND INEVITABLE CONQUEROR OF CRIME!

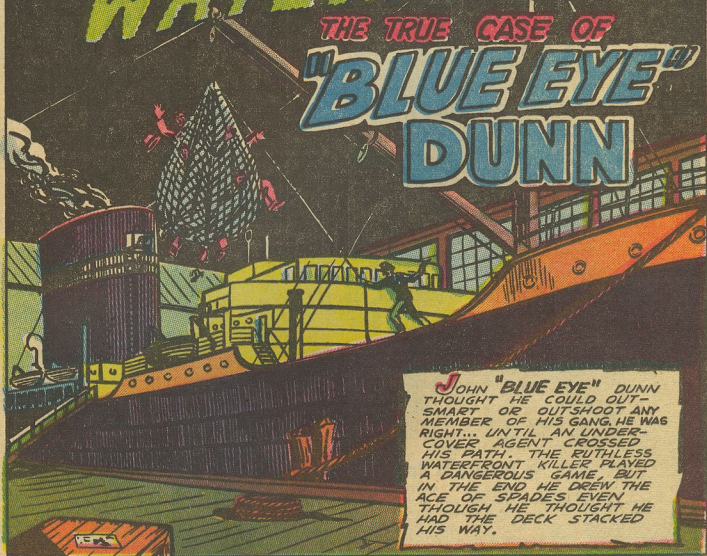
THE END



BADGE OF JUSTICE

# JUSTICE ON THE WATERFRONT

THE TRUE CASE OF  
**"BLUE EYE"  
DUNN**



**J**OHNN "BLUE EYE" DUNN THOUGHT HE COULD OUT-SMART OR OUTSHOOT ANY MEMBER OF HIS GANG. HE WAS RIGHT... UNTIL AN UNDERCOVER AGENT CROSSED HIS PATH. THE RUTHLESS WATERFRONT KILLER PLAYED A DANGEROUS GAME, BUT IN THE END HE DREW THE ACE OF SPADES EVEN THOUGH HE THOUGHT HE HAD THE DECK STACKED HIS WAY.

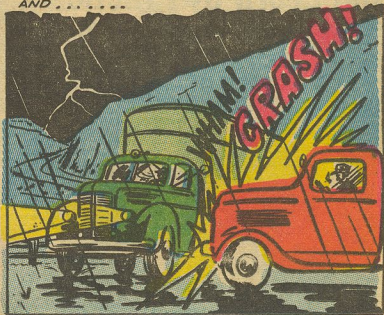
**O**N JUNE 3RD, 1946, JACK "BLUE-EYE" DUNN LAID CAREFUL PLANS FOR ONE OF HIS MOST SUCCESSFUL COUPS.....

THE TRAILER LEAVES THE PIER AT SEVEN TONIGHT. IT REACHES THE INTERSECTION AT CARMER ROAD AT EIGHT-THIRTY. YOU'VE GOT YOUR ASSIGNMENTS. JUST DON'T MUFF IT!

IT'S IN THE BAG, JACK.



**T**HAT NIGHT AT EIGHT-THIRTY, A TRUCK ROARED OUT OF A CONCEALED INTERSECTION AND.....








# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION


J. E. SMITH has trained more men for Radio-Television than any other man. OUR 40th YEAR.


**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers  
You Good Pay—Bright Future—Security**


## I TRAINED THESE MEN

 "Started to repair sets six months after enrolling. Earned \$12 to \$15 a week in spare time!" —Adam Kramlik, Jr., Sunnyside, Pennsylvania.

 "Up to our necks in Radio-Television work. Four other NRI men work here. Am happy with my work." —Glen Peterson, Bradford, Ont., Canada.

 "Am doing Radio and Television Servicing full time. Now have my own shop. I owe my success to N.R.I." —Curtis Stath, Ft. Madison, Iowa.

 "Am with WCOB. NRI course can't be beat. No trouble passing 1st class Radio-phone license exam." —Jesse W. Parker, Meridian, Mississippi.

 "By graduation, had paid for course, car, testing equipment. Can service toughest jobs." —E. J. Streitenberger, New Boston, Ohio.

**AVAILABLE TO  
VETERANS  
UNDER G.I. BILLS**

## You Learn by Practicing with Parts I Send

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I furnish to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. As part of my Communications Course, you build many things, including low power transmitter shown at left. You put it "on the air," perform procedures required of broadcasting operators. With my

Servicing Course you build modern Radio, etc. Use Multitester you build to make money fixing sets. Many students make \$10, \$15 week extra fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Coupon below will bring book showing other equipment you build. It's all yours to keep.

**The Tested Way  
To Better Pay!**

Training plus opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, good pay, advancement. In good times, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, GETS PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you more of the better things of life.

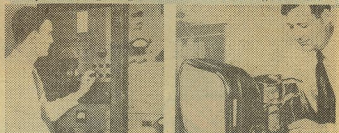
**Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15  
a Week Extra Fixing Sets**

Keep your job while training. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester built with parts I send helps you make \$10, \$15 a week extra fixing sets while training. Many start their own Radio-Television business with spare time earnings.

**My Training Is Up-To-Date**  
You benefit by my 40 years' experience training men at home. Well illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need. Skillfully developed kits of parts I send (see below) "bring to life" things you learn from lessons.



**Television Making Good Jobs, Prosperity**—Even without Television, Radio is bigger than ever. 115 million home and auto Radios to be serviced. Over 3000 Radio broadcasting stations use operators, technicians, engineers. Government, Aviation, Police, Ship, Micro-wave Relay, Two-Way Radio Communications for buses, taxis, trucks, etc., are important and growing fields. Television is moving ahead fast.



About 200 Television stations are now on the air. Hundreds of others being built. Good TV jobs, opening up for Technicians, Operators, etc.

25 million homes now have Television sets. Thousands more are being sold every week. Get a job or have your own business selling, installing, servicing.

**Radio-TV Needs Men of Action—Mail Coupon**  
Act now to get more of the good things of life. Actual lesson proves my training is practical, thorough. 64-page book shows good job opportunities for you in many fields. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than total cost of training in two weeks. Mail coupon now. J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 5EK3 Washington 9, D. C. OUR 40TH YEAR.

## Good for Both—FREE

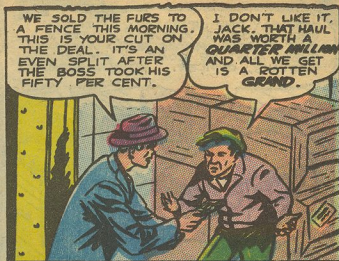
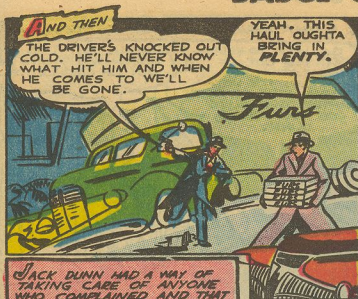
MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5EK3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE.  
(No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
write in date of discharge  
**VETS**





# BADGE OF JUSTICE



JACK DUNN HAD A WAY OF TAKING CARE OF ANYONE WHO COMPLAINED AND THAT AFTERNOON ON AN UNLOADING DETAIL, SOAPY MET WITH A MYSTERIOUS FATAL ACCIDENT!

AFTER AN INVESTIGATION, THE MEN GATHER IN JIMMY'S DINER.....

LATER POLICE FILES SHOW THAT ON SEPTEMBER 14TH 1947, A SAILOR CONTACTED JACK DUNN.....

THAT WAS A TOUGH ACCIDENT BUT I'VE BEEN CLEARED. THOSE THINGS HAPPEN, YOU KNOW. WE'LL GIVE SOAPY A BIG FUNERAL, THOUGH.

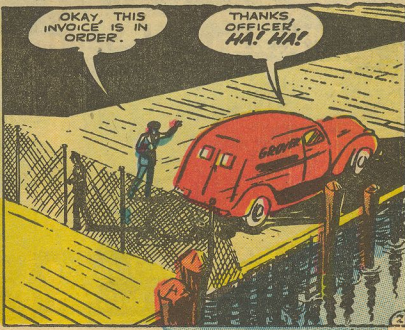
THE JEWELS ARE BEING TAKEN OFF THE S.S. CAREMBIA BY AN ARMED GUARD. THEY'LL BE GIVEN TO A DRIVER OF GROVER TRUCKING COMPANY WHEN HE HANDS OVER THE INVOICE!

THE DOCKS ARE CRAWLING WITH COPS, BUT THEY'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE.



LATER IN DUNN'S OFFICE.....

SMILEY WATKINS, ONE OF DUNN'S HENCHMEN, FOLLOWED ORDERS AND.....



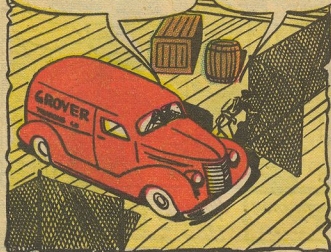


# BADGE OF JUSTICE

TEN MINUTES LATER....

YOU SAY THE JEWELS WERE PICKED UP ALREADY? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, OFFICER.

I'LL SAY THERE'S A MISTAKE, I'M CALLING HEADQUARTERS!



THAT NIGHT IN A DINGY OFFICE....

I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT ICE OUT OF CIRCULATION FOR A WHILE. IT'S HOTTER'N FIRE CRACKERS AFTER THAT SLICK JOB YOU PULLED, DUNN.

YEAH. BUT THIS DOUGH WON'T STAY OUT OF CIRCULATION..



SUDDENLY....

DON'T REACH FOR THAT GUN, JACKIE BOY. THIS IS A STICKUP! OKAY, NOW HAND OVER THE DOUGH AND THE ICE AND I'LL PUT IT ALL IN CIRCULATION. HA! HA!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS, BLACKIE.



I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK, DUNN.

HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL LEARN YA NOT TO SHOOT OFF YOUR MOUTH!



ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 8TH 1948, JACK DUNN STRUCK BACK...

NOW WE'RE EVEN, BLACKIE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE COMMISSIONER HADLEY...



WE'VE GOT ALL YOUR CREDENTIALS READY. YOU'RE TO WORK ON THE DOCKS AS A LONGSHOREMAN AND TRY TO JOIN DUNN'S GANG. WE KNOW HE'S THE HEAD OF RACKETS ON THE PIERS, BUT WE NEED EVIDENCE.

YES, COMMISSIONER.





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

**AND SO UNDERCOVER AGENT FRANK SMITH REPORTED FOR WORK ON THE DOCKS.....**



I BEEN WORKING OUT ON THE COAST FOR THE PAST YEAR. FIGURED I COULD MAKE MORE DOUGH IN THE EAST.

OKAY, SMITH. WE EXPECT OUR MEN TO PUT IN A GOOD DAY'S WORK. YOU CAN REPORT TO PIER 7 TODAY.

**WHEN SMITH LEFT...**

I SEEN THAT GUY BEFORE, DUNN. IT WAS ON THE COAST ALL RIGHT, BUT HE WAS WEARIN' THE UNIFORM OF A **COP.**

**SO HE'S AN UNDERCOVER AGENT, ISN'T HE?**

WELL... WE GOT WAYS TO DEAL WITH THOSE GUYS. MEANTIME YOU CAN TIP OFF THE BOYS.



**THE DOCK RACKETEER SET HIS TRAP CAREFULLY AND THEN.....**



YOU LOOK LIKE AN ALL RIGHT GUY AND I FIGURE MAYBE I CAN CUT YOU IN ON SOME EXTRA DOUGH. IF YOU'RE WILLING, I GOT A SPECIAL JOB ON FOR TONIGHT.

SURE, YOU CAN COUNT ON ME.

**AT MIDNIGHT ON A DESERTED PIER.....**

HELLO, CHIEF? I COULDN'T GET AWAY BEFORE. THIS IS IT. PIER 16. DON'T RAID UNTIL I FIRE MY PISTOL. WE'LL CATCH THEM WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME. GOODBYE.



**SUDDENLY...**

OKAY, STOOBIE. I JUST WANTED TO MAKE SURE, THAT'S ALL.

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT! IN ONE MINUTE THIS PIER WILL BE SURROUNDED BY POLICE.



**IN A MOMENT...**



GET HIM OVER HERE FAST, BOYS. THERE'S ONE EXIT THE POLICE WON'T BE GUARDING.

**AND THEN...**

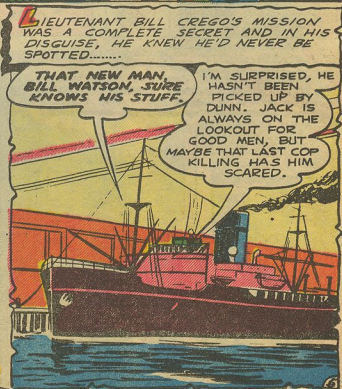


GET HIM INTO THAT POWER BOAT BELOW AND WE'LL TAKE HIM OUT TO SEA. IN THIS FOG, THEY'LL NEVER SPOT US.



# BADGE OF JUSTICE

ONE HOUR LATER, FAR OUT AT SEA...





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

**W**EEKS WENT BY AND THEN ONE DAY  
IN THE HOLD OF A CARGO VESSEL...





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

GAINING DUNN'S CONFIDENCE IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, THE UNDERCOVER AGENT PLAYED A DANGEROUS GAME...



DUNN WASTED NO TIME IN PUTTING HIS SCHEME INTO OPERATION...



A HALF HOUR LATER, ON THE PIER...



A FEW MINUTES AFTERWARDS...





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

**BEFORE THE MEETING THAT NIGHT, BILL SLIPS OFF...**

THE WEST STREET WAREHOUSE. THIS IS THE BIG JOB. WE'LL NAB THEM TONIGHT. PLAY IT SMART. AN STAY UNDER COVER. LUCK!



**LATER**

LET'S GET MOVING, JACK. THE 14TH STREET WAREHOUSE IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!

14TH STREET? YOU MEAN THE WEST STREET WAREHOUSE?



TAKE IT EASY, YOU GUYS. WE'RE NOT HITTING ANY JOB EXCEPT THE BIG ONE AND THAT'S TO GET THE STOOGLIE IN THIS GANG. YOU'LL FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT IN A COUPLE OF MINUTES...



**AT THAT MOMENT...**

I GOT MEN CHECKING THE WAREHOUSES. THE ONE THAT'S COVERED BY POLICE IS GOING TO TIP ME OFF ON WHO THE SPY IS.



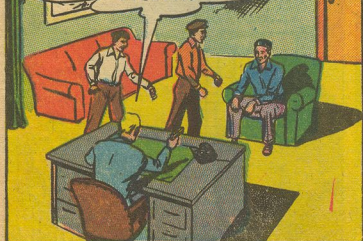
HELLO? HOOKS? YEAH THIS IS JACK. YEAH-- THE EAST RIVER WAREHOUSE IS OKAY? GOOD. THAT CLEARS SMITTY.

WHEN? NOW I GET IT. PRETTY SMART, JACK.



**FIVE MINUTES LATER A CALL COMES IN FROM THE 14TH STREET WAREHOUSE...**

THAT CALL CLEARED BIG JOE AND THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY LEFT. THAT'S YOU, BILL WATSON. YOU GOTTA BE THE STOOGL PIGEON.



THERE'S SOME MISTAKE. YOU GOT TO WAIT. AFTER ALL THE CALL HASN'T COME IN FROM WEST STREET.





# BADGE OF JUSTICE

**M**EANWHILE AT THE WEST STREET WAREHOUSE...



THERE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE--

ALL RIGHT MISTER. THE CHIEF WANTS TO HAVE A LITTLE TALK WITH YOU.

CANDY CANDY

**M**OMENTS LATER...

**QUICK!** WHAT'S GOING ON. IF YOU DON'T TALK AND BILL WATSON IS KILLED, WE'LL HOLD YOU AS AN ACCESSORY TO MURDER. **NOW TALK!**

I GOT NOTHING TO HIDE. DUNN SENT ME DOWN TO CHECK IF THERE WERE ANY COPS AROUND. IF THERE WEREN'T HE WANTED ME TO PHONE.



**I**N A FEW SECONDS...

JACK? THE WEST STREET WAREHOUSE IS **ALL CLEAR. OF COURSE I'M SURE.** I'M CALLING FROM INSIDE THE JOINT.



**B**ACK IN DUNN'S OFFICE...



**BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE WEST STREET WAREHOUSE CAN'T BE CLEAR...**

**SO I'M NOT THE STOOGE! AFTER ALL, EH? THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE MAN-- AND THAT'S YOU-- JACK DUNN!**

MAYBE THE BOSS WANTED TO CUT YOU OUT FOR BUNGLING THOSE JOBS AND YOU'RE TRYING TO FRAME ONE OF US TO TAKE THE RAP.

YEAH! HE MUST BE THE ONE.



**WAIT!** YOU GOT IT WRONG. **THERE IS NO BOSS! I JUST MADE THAT UP TO GET A BIGGER CUT!** BUT I'M NO DOUBLE CROSSER. DIDN'T I KILL THAT COP?



**J**UST THEN...

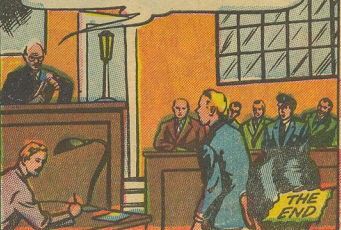
**NO, DUNN! HE WAS PICKED UP BY THE COAST GUARD! NOW GET 'EM UP!**

HE'S GUILTY OF PLENTY OF OTHERS, THOUGH! AND HIS BOB WILL BE SURE TO TURN STATE'S EVIDENCE. I THINK THAT'S THE END OF THIS LITTLE GANG.



**E**VERY MEMBER OF THE GANG WAS ROUNDED UP AND RECEIVED LONG PRISON TERMS! BUT JACK DUNN?....

BY THE AUTHORITY INVESTED IN ME BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK, **I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR ON MARCH 10TH 1949. THE EXECUTION TO BE CARRIED OUT AT SING SING.**



**THE END**



## THROW YOUR VOICE



### Ventro & Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist".

No. 137

25¢

# MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends



First chop a cigarette in two in either hole. Then put finger in top hole and cigarette in lower. The cigarette is cut, but your finger is unharmed. Thrilling. Full instructions included.

No. 222.... Only 1.00

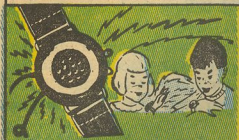
## NICKELS TO DIMES



NO SKILL REQUIRED

5 VARIATIONS INCLUDED  
Brass cover is placed on four nickels, a spectator removes the cover and four dimes are discovered. The nickels have apparently vanished into thin air. The brass cover may be examined. Many other startling effects can be performed.

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### AMAZING WRIST RADIO

Wow! A wrist radio like Dick Tracy's that really works. Imagine receiving regular broadcasts up to about 50 miles, and actually transmitting your voice over short distances when connected to another set. You wear it like a watch, but it's like a radio. No batteries, no electricity, no tubes. Built in earphone and aerial.

No. 133

2.98

### 5 IN 1 WAND



A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc.

No. 240..... 1.50



## RADIO MIKE



### Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal, 4 inches high.

No. 112

1.98



### WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings.

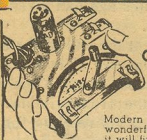
No. 247

50¢



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# MURDER CLUE

by  
J. L. KEENE

THERE had been a time, just after Benny Firth had become a teller at the First National Bank, that the counting of stacks of money had given him a thrill. It had been the sort of thrill that had grown out of thoughts of wealth and power. Just handling the great amounts of the green stuff had set his imagination to work.

Now counting the money still gave him a thrill, but a different kind. Now it was a thrill of apprehension that comes from the fear of being caught. Benny was short in his accounts to the tune of a thousand dollars and he was scared to death. Especially since word had come via the bank's grapevine telegraph that the examiners had dropped in unexpectedly that morning on the Westview Trust Company.

Had Benny been a more seasoned defaulter, no doubt he would have worried less, for he would have prepared himself more carefully against the day of the bank examiners. Benny, however, had been lifting the bank's funds only since the previous examination six months ago had given him a clean bill of health.

The electric clock at the end of the bank told Benny that it was five o'clock and he glanced nervously about him, let his eyes steal down toward the front window. He already had balanced his receipts for the day and his remaining in the bank was merely a stall for time, when he could be alone to think things out for himself. Mr. Dahler, the bank's treasurer was still at his desk. Would he never go?

Benny breathed a short sigh of relief when he saw Mr. Dahler rise from his chair. Then his heart as suddenly skipped a beat, when he saw the officer was heading toward his cage. He looked quickly about him, frantic. Suppose Dahler already suspected him! Benny's eye lit on the service revolver the bank had given him. He had never given the likelihood of a holdup much thought at the time. But in the face of his present predicament the gun took on a new meaning.

Benny placed his hand on the weapon just as Mr. Dahler rounded the corner of his cage. Benny spun about. Mr. Dahler stopped short, his jaw dropping as he saw Benny, white faced, holding the revolver in his shaking hand. Mr. Dahler recovered his senses quickly.

"Put the gun down, Benny," he said quietly.

Benny obeyed meekly. "I . . . I'm sorry," he blurted. "I . . . I thought I was alone in the bank! Then I heard you coming!"

"I never did believe in leaving loaded weapons about here," Mr. Dahler said. "Something might have happened just now we'd both regret." He placed a hand on Benny's shoulder and then continued, "Let me have the gun and then I'll drive you home."

Benny was glad to give Mr. Dahler the weapon, but staying with him a moment longer was unthinkable.

"I can't, Mr. Dahler," Benny said lamely. "I have an appointment . . . at the dentist's."

Outside the bank, Benny pondered the near tragedy that would have brought no solution to his troubles. It did bring to his mind more acutely than ever that he must solve the problem of the shortage before the examination. For just give Mr. Dahler one thread of suspicion now and Benny knew the bank's officer would bring the cops down on him like a pack of wolves.

Benny walked down the street and entered a lunch wagon and ordered a cup of coffee. He felt better, stimulated, as the hot drink warmed his blood. In late October it could be cold, but Benny was glad at least for the early darkness. People's faces did not seem so suspicious, their eyes not so accusing.

Across the street Max's Check Cashing Service showed a bright light through a dirty plate glass window. Inside Max Kern, a little man in a vest, with black cuffs over his shirt sleeves and a green shade over his eyes, was counting money. Benny knew



from having received Max's deposits that Max was counting stacks of dough. There would be more than a thousand in Max's hands right now!

Benny Firth always had disliked Max because of the type of work he did: taking a pittance for giving out money against uncollected funds; discounting checks that were not good and holding them until they were. A business, Benny always thought, just inside the law. Certainly not ethical banking business! But at the moment Max's business interested Benny; it gave him ideas.

He hesitated, wondering if he had the nerve, but soon the haunting fear came back to him, the fear of detection that overcame all other fears. He left the lunch wagon and went across the street just as Max turned out his own lights.

Benny met Max at the door and said, "Hello, Max. Have you a match?"

Max looked up startled for an instant until he recognized Benny.

"Sure, sure, Mr. Firth," he replied, and hunched his head over, going into his trousers pockets.

Benny closed his fist and brought his knuckles down behind Max's ears. Max slumped, but Benny caught the little man and pulled him back inside the store. He watched from the dark interior until he was sure the coast was clear. Outside at the curb he saw Max's car. He knew it was Max's because it was always parked there and many times he had seen Max leave his place of business and enter the car. Often he had wondered why Max never had been given a parking ticket.

He supported Max in a standing position and dragged him across the sidewalk. He forced the unconscious check casher into the car and closed the door. Then he went around the vehicle and got into the driver's seat. The keys dangled at the dash.

Before he drove off Benny felt inside Max's coat and found a fat envelope. Expertly he counted fifteen hundred dollars. He took out a thousand and put the rest inside the envelope beside a batch of checks, replaced the envelope in Max's coat pocket. He drove off.

Benny had figured out clearly what he would do with Max. Main Street dropped

steeply just past the bank. At the crown of the hill he threw the car into neutral and got out. Traffic was sparse, none of it near him now. He found a heavy stone in the gutter. He went back to the car and bashed Max on the head until he knew he no longer had life in his body. Then cautiously he began to push the vehicle.

Fascinated, Benny watched the car gather speed as it careened down the hill. For a split instant it seemed to balance on two wheels. Then veering sharply left the car, just missing another, jumped the curb and crashed head-on into the window of the Hillside Department Store.

Benny was in the crowd as Officer Cagney elbowed his way to the wreck.

"Anyone see this happen?" he asked. He eyed the crowd sharply. His glance met Benny's.

"I did," Benny said. "I saw Max drive away from his place. Then at the top of the hill he seemed to lose control of the car..."

Cagney, glowering, approached Benny. "Say that again, will you?"

Benny started over and suddenly a wave of confusion struck him. He began to back away. Officer Cagney caught Benny with a haymaker and flattened him to the road.

"Come up, you rat, with your hands over your head!"

Benny rose unsteadily to his feet. The officer ran his hands through the teller's pockets, finally drawing out the wad of bills.

"There's the answer, isn't it?"

Benny's lower lip trembled, his nerve broke. "I . . . didn't mean to kill him!" he stammered. Cagney sneered.

\* \* \*

### DON'T PEEK!

Figure out your own solution as to how Officer Cagney knew Benny was lying. Then compare it with the author's solution.

\* \* \*

"You didn't know, you punk, that this car belongs to me, did you?" said the officer. "I parked it in front of Max's every day so he'd keep an eye on it. I always drove Max home after I got off duty! Max Kern hadn't the slightest idea of how to drive a car!"

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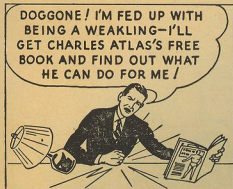
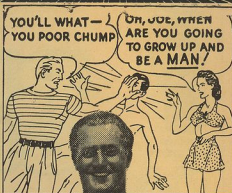
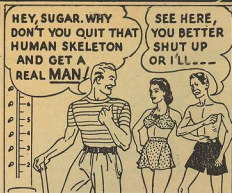
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